

Terrorists Seize Unarmed Lice

by Story Biggs

Stream-of-Consciousness Writer

GW students took over Lice Hall yesterday and are now sitting in at the administration offices, following the lead of a group of University of Pennsylvania students who successfully negotiated for a list of 31 demands during their occupation of their administration building last month.

First on the GW list of demands

was a position for a student representative on the Board of Trustees. No administrator of Lice Hall knew where to find the Board of Trustees, though, since none had any idea who they are or where they live.

"We just take their checks and send them one of these 'Board of Trustees of The George Washington University' T-shirts," a spokesperson said.

One student, who was sitting in the desk of the vice-president for real estate transactions, said he decided to participate in the sit-in because "we have a point to make about how dehumanizing the administration is. Besides, a friend of mine that helped to organize the Kent State rally in front of the White House last semester said that we'd be striking a major blow for liberation and sixties nostalgia, and that there'd be a lot of really good parties here."

A group of Iranian students, who were wearing cardboard masks and chanting, "Kill shah, kill shah," had taken over the second floor. "We're here to stop all the fascist murders, and to make sure that if Farrah Fawcett-Majors really does visit, we'll get a good look," their leader said.

Cram Webfoot, utilization of condemned properties director, remarked, as a group of irate Lawn Gislanders stormed her office, "Gee, is this what they look like? I always thought they were larger—we should be able to stack them at least six high. That should solve our problem in Michelle. Now, in..."

Most of the administrators seemed to be reacting calmly to the sit-in. "If all the students are over at Lice Hall, we can rent out the dorms and classroom buildings for conventions," one said. "And if they stay there long enough, we can use the money we save by not having to pay teachers to get a really good gourmet chef in the University Club."

(see LICE HALL, p. 17)

Other Crap

Friday.....p. 5
Waterbed sale.....p. 16
Ron Ostrofferous....p. 102

GW President Lord Elephant, with beard, flanked left by queen dame Gale Handsome and right by Keystone

Kops head Harry Giggling, address Lice Hall workers in a crisis session shortly before the sit-in began.

TOMAHAWK

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THE KERMIT WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF PUGILISM

April 1, 1978

Harpo, Cigarette Vie For Rat Vote

by No Laugne
Smiling Writer

Harpo Bizarrenick and Cesar Cigarette faced each other in a hot-winded debate on WARGUE yesterday with YOULUSA presidential elections only days away.

Both candidates stressed the importance of the debate in their campaign. "If it's a close election, the Ratiskellar vote will be important," Bizarrenick said.

In the debate, Bizarrenick pointed to his past experience as head of the Program Board, while Cigarette noted his experience as a head.

Cigarette also emphasized his year as senate chairman protozoa, a position which he said gave him an opportunity to smile, shake hands, thank people and in general show a total lack of leadership.

"It does sound like you have the right qualities to lead YOULUSA" Bizarrenick said. But he said his experiences as an administrator, lobbyist and watermelon expert would show students he had the imagination and willingness to serve as president.

Bizarrenick also pointed to the watermelon incident in an attempt to stem the tide of ethnic votes which seemed to be moving toward the Cigarette camp. So far Cigarette has been endorsed by LASSO, the



Harpo Bizarrenick and Cesar Cigarette debate who has the most unkempt hair over WARGUE yesterday. The debate was broadcast to a mouse and two pepperonis in the Marvelous Center Ratkiller.

Arab Student Society and the for me right there" Cigarette said. Regarding platforms, Bizarrenick said he would try to get the student directories out on time, "but with the wrong phone numbers—we've got to shake up the works." Cigarette said if he won, he'd immediately amend the constitution to change the title of president to "el presidente."

Seamen Conducts Stiff Interview

Ed. note: The following is the transcript of a Program Board presentation. In it, John Seamen, head of the board's video committee, once again makes a complete ass of himself. The Tomahawk disclaims responsibility.

Seamen: Good evening. I'm Jonathan R. Seamen. Welcome to GW "Wonderama." Tonight, we're greatly honored to have, although he is no longer with us, one of the most controversial people we were able to dig up, Charlie C. Chaplin.

Well, Mr. Chaplin—do you mind if I call you the little tramp—your face has brought laughter to millions of people throughout the world with such movies as the *Great Dictator*, at which I almost died laughing...oh, I'm sorry.

Before I go on, I just want to take a minute to thank the Governing Board for providing the travel expenses (FOB-COD) in conjunction with Hearn Rent-a-Car, which provided the limousine. The Governing Board has been very supportive of my

journalistic endeavors this year—just look at the nice toys they gave me.

Now Mr. Chaplin, by the way, you look awfully well preserved for a man your age, how do you feel about being interviewed by me, seeing that this is a once in a lifetime experience?

Chaplin:

S: Right. I'm as thrilled with myself as you are. Rumor has it that you were blacklisted in this country during the Fifties—how do you account, though, for the fact that blacks are physically superior? After all, 60 percent of the starting lineup in basketball, 50 percent of football, 40 percent of baseball, 30 percent of hockey, 20 percent in lacrosse and I wish I had a copy of today's London Times because that has the percentage for cricket...

C:

S: I find your apathy scrupulous...or is it that I find your scrupulosity apathetic...Well, we'll get (see SEAMEN, p. 4)



Program Board member John Seamen pulls off his latest coup—an interview with the late Sir Charles Chaplin.

Oh Give Me A Home

It is the inalienable right of living entities to take part in a process to determine their own future. We fail to see how a group that has suffered the turmoils of extermination, has been relocated time and time again and has been stepped on and ground into the dust can be denied their rightful homeland.

It disturbs us that Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin did not successfully come to grips with this issue on his latest visit to Washington.

We sincerely hope that the leadership desperately needed for this difficult task will be forthcom-

ing. The time has come for our leadership to demonstrate courage and direction, for this conflict will never resolve itself.

It therefore stands to reason that an independent and autonomous region should be established for the

The University news rag *Tomahawk* welcomes written replies to its articles by any nerds or turkeys. However we reserve the right to delete, misquote, deliberately lie or change your letter in any way to make you look foolish. Basically we have two criteria: first we print whatever we dam well please. It's our paper and if you don't like it why not use your hand for something less constructive. Second, it helps if you're illiterate. We prefer if people make themselves appear stupid, thereby making our job easier. These policies are strictly adhered to and if you don't like them don't write us or we'll screw you.

insect population that presently inhabits University property. After all, even cockroaches have rights.

Diddly Gross is in her seventh year of undergraduate work majoring in home economics and pesticide development.

Beldar Conesteadio, massuh

Mike Lastrile, ass. memo editor

Curly Mountainhairy, reflection editor

Save Lake, water editor

Kid Cush-Cushy, glowing editor

Scarlett O'Gravy, dyke editor

Stewed Superscoop, regular editor

Uncle B. Rice, veteran copy editor

Needza Pushel, speed editor

peons

Hopalong Kiccup, first floor editor

Steve Romanjelly (c), bouncer

Flex Summershitis, tear sheet editor

bureaus

John Dumbbell, Spring Valley

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Fairly Homely
"call me B'Wana"

Token Of Our Esteem

Tomahawk's Complexion To Change

The time has come for Fairly Homely, editor-in-chief of the *Tomahawk* to step down. It is also an appropriate time to pause and reflect upon Fairly's successes and failures this year.

Fairly's title as editor-in-chief should be changed to editor-in-crisis. Not only did he fail to act as a calming influence, he often caused more calamity than he resolved. However this is jumping the gun and may hinder journalistic objectivity.

To Fairly, the editor-in-chief position meant a great deal, a capstone to an otherwise uneventful undergraduate career. For the *Tomahawk* it meant lowering itself to tokenism.

As the only minority on the editorial board, Fairly often presented some innovative views. For instance, he once wrote an editorial demanding that a fried chicken, fast food restaurant be allowed to locate in Margolis's clothing store.

Fairly possessed the proper level of enthusiasm for his job, but he failed to utilize the inherent power of this grand position. In fact it appeared he was totally ignorant of this power. The staff often found him sitting behind his desk dressed in khaki shorts, wearing a large pith

helmet and armed with a machete. If this did not cause enough disruption, the fact that he insisted on being called B'wana did. Many people left the staff at this point and, at his insistence, were replaced

by others purchased through slave traders. On the surface these actions appear totally irresponsible however, he defended them adamantly. As Fairly often said, "the *Tomahawk* is a White Elephant, so

why not promote its existence." Instead of being humanistic and putting the paper to rest he insisted upon satisfying his own sadistic and masochistic desires with its continued existence.

Derrel Icht Watches Life Eclipse With Baseball Team at W. Ellipse

by Suzie Landing
acDC Workhouse

"He knows more players than coach Gloomey," said shortstop Bimmy Boss.

Who is this man who knows GW baseball better than anyone else cares to? He is the one and only Derrel Icht, the man who has seen every GW baseball game since the ice age melted.

"I take my signs from him," said Droop Ingrown as he drooled a wad of chewing tobacco all over his jersey. "Gloomey's a good coach but Derrel knows a lot about jock itch, you know, the things that really concern us ball players."

Rumor has it that Icht is a former Washington Senator who was not contacted when the club made the big move to the Lone Star state about eight years ago. However the GW Bolognial fan denies every word of it.

"I was with a loser eight years ago and I have no intention of changing that," said Icht as he chewed on a bat. "That's why I tagged along with these guys."

Icht has become famous for flashing signs to GW players during home games. Once, after flashing a sign, baserunner Wince Queroes turned red and fainted. Wince later recovered, however Icht was accosted by the D.C. Special Police.

"I don't think he'll ever miss a game at the Ellipse," said first baseman Pike Bowell. "After all he



lives there."

"We like him a lot out here," said second base coach Noel Olyonyoke.

"Sometimes out here in the fresh air we get lonely for that tantalizing locker room odor and then Derrel walks by and makes everybody smile

again...at least it looks like they're smiling."

"Sometimes he tries to give us luck by sleeping in the outfield," said Windfall McFan. "I don't know if he helps us win that way but it sure helps the grass grow."



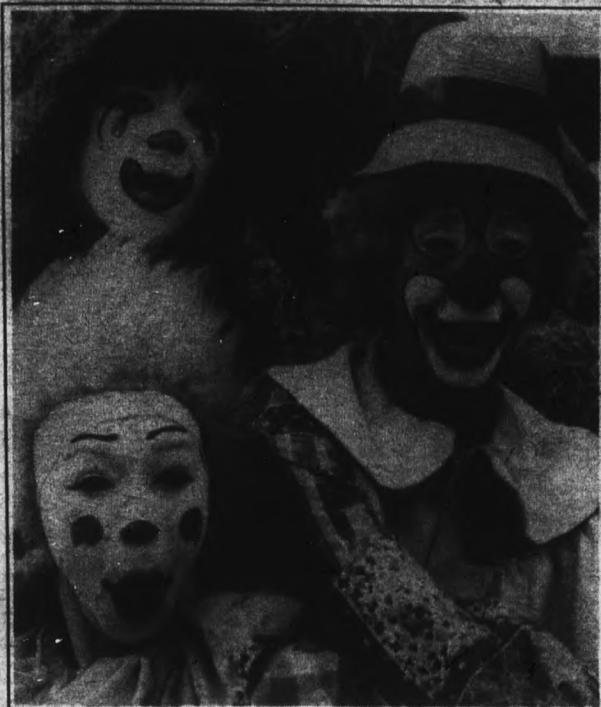
What Homecoming?

Candidates for YOULUSA homecoming king gather for a group picture, even though the event was held two weeks ago between games at a women's squash match. Back row from left, Roger, Marley and Colleen, Sandy Terrell and Jack Nite. Kneeling, Hobbitin Thimble, Lyle, Billie Buggles.

Lost Your Mind? We may have it
GW Medical School

Tomahawk Buys New Equipment

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Support Can Be Beautiful

Left, YOULUSA President No LaSagna (round nose) and two aides arrive at a senate meeting to watch the group give an overwhelming vote of confidence, right, to executive head of vice City Coughman (top). Coughman had been accused by

the senate of saying intelligent things. "That's not true," she said in her successful defense. "I never say intelligent things. I apologize. I've done it all." (P.S. It's the first time the senate has made quorum in six years.)

CAMPUS LOWLIGHTS

by Steve Romanjelly
Vinyl Dynamo

New albums have been flowing into the *Tomahawk* recently, so it is about time we got caught up on all of the lesser known stars which have crossed our trail in the past few weeks.

Dying to Walk (Off A Short Pier)—Juice Stringbean's latest release is also his most depressing as he sings about fat sax players and life on the road doing obscene things with guitars. Such stand outs as "She's Got None," "Drowning In The River," and the marvelous title track eclipse all of his essential features of his driving style.

Looks Like We'll Screw Her, Harry Asshole—Aside from the rather classy "She's a Bitch, Not a Dog," which combines stinging lead guitar work from Mssrs. Nugent and Page, the song more than makes up for the filler on this album, the other

10 songs. Oh, well, hang it up, Asshole!

Puke Your Guts Out—Snot, Shit, Bozo and 'Bar-Rag' Breath, (the everloving members of punk rock's most illustrious new group, *Fart In Your Direction*), have come up with

greats, such as "Living Off Of Welfare," "I'm Blind," and "Spear-chuckers Aren't Sharp At All." Ingenious and blindly ambitious.

Too Far—Chubby, Pills, Smash and Un-sung's greatest hits are a bit flaky in parts, but overall, they give

through, especially at the list price of \$59.95; still, it is worth it just to hear some of their greatest hits such as "25 to 75 to 81 or 789," "Glad You're Not Here," "Monday Night On The John," "I'm A Fag," or a brilliant live version of the resurrected guitarist's *Grapes-Of-Wrath*, famous, "Who Gives A Damn What Time It Is."

Deaf Cus Of Too Much Sound—Saul Clapney's much awaited new album sucks. With such titles as "Ex-lax Gives Me The Runs," "Who Listens To What My Aunt Says" and "Maggie Is A Tit Man," it is no wonder why he has stuck with Bojimba this long.

Bloomers—Don't-come Back's newest album, is also their catchiest, combining hardrock rhythms with basic pop-shit. Still, it may be great, if you can get past "Don't Stop ('Cause I Can't Get It Out)," "Blow It Your Own Way" or "It's All Over My Bed."

Losers

this genre's most compelling work. Who cares what they sound like, it's the songs which count. Special credit must go to "Hatchet in the John," "Shake Your Tree, And I'll Bite Off Your Knee" and "Vomit Is Better With Catsup."

Songs From Shack Out Back—If Quesy Blunder doesn't win a Grammy nomination for this 5-EP set, then we can expect another Detroit riot. This set is loaded with

us a true representation of what assholes we really were way way back in the sixties. Still, fond memories can be found in such greats as "Ridicul-ess," "Almost Cut My Pubic Hairs," "City Trash Express," and the classic "Sunken Ships."

Chicago CCXVII—Will these guys ever give up? This 20-album set, which reflects their golden years, is a bit too much to sit

Things Looking Up In Wacke Kitchens

The Wacke corporation proudly announced yesterday that it is the 1977-78 recipients of the "Collegiate Culinary Cartel Award." Phil A. DeSole, speaking for Wacke, noted

"We're really honored to win this award because it places us in the same league as Chicken Delight, Quigley's, and Mickey D's."

DeSole also added that Wacke

The Force Not With Us

Campus security police have been on strike all this semester, according to a union source who would prefer not to be identified because he might lose his job or even be assigned to sit in the lobby of Thurston all night.

"When they took the lights off our cars, that was the last straw," he said. "We decided to be quiet about it this time, though. Making a lot of noise didn't get us anywhere last semester. We really have gone on strike, though. Haven't you noticed that we stopped working? Aw, c'mon, you must have noticed..."

SPASTIC-CLASSICS

DEAN OF STUDENTS office asks: If a fag jumps on your back, do you beat him off?

YOU CAN PICK your nose and you can pick your friends but you can't pick your friends' nose.

PROFESSOR WILLSON advises: Want to learn how to write? transfer.

CAREER SERVICES asks: Looking for a job? What are you doing here?



Thirsty Hall residents anxiously await the opening of cafeteria doors for the first Wacke meal of the semester.

TWO TOMAHAWK EDITORS still looking for knight in shining armor. A night without armor will suffice (ohhh!).

FOR HOT MAMA on the fifth floor with the BMW. Play Misty for me.

WANTED: Token black looking for basketball team.

LOST: One women's basketball team. If found, call 737-8855.

DIAL-A-JOHN: call 521-3017 and piss in the phone.

COUNSELING CENTER asks: Do you feel lonely, deserted, desperate or lovesick? Ever contemplate suicide by sitting your wrists, playing tag with a metro, taking an overdose of aphrodisiac or going to GW for four years? Well, come by our office and we'll help.

CAREER SERVICES ASKS: Looking for a job? Don't bother us, we already have jobs.

FRESHMEN: Having trouble in scheduling your courses for next semester? Call dial-a-joke at the registrar's

George Who? Leads Colonials To Basket Weaving Championship

by John Can't Handle
Illegal Allen

George Mucus led the Colonials basketweaving squad to its first national championship last night at the Stan Smith Athletic Supporter Center.

Mucus, the captain of the team which includes such greats as Windy Helful, tennis' Maul Edenvomit, baseball's Rary Gross, crew's Diving Bastion, wrestling's Poor DiPi-PiDIPiPiElio and soccer's Noway Sorass, decided to get this group of stars together after the basketball season ended.

"Uh gee, I just figured that this way I could get my name in the paper," Mucus said to nobody in particular yesterday, or the day before. Mucus is no newcomer to the sporting world at GW.

After playing basketball last season, Mucus decided to expand into other fields. For a while, Mucus played women's basketball, but left the team when nine basketballs and two pairs of sneakers quit due to personality conflicts with coach Boring Rhetoric.

Prior to that Mucus had tried golf, but became disenchanted with the sport when he learned that the benches were only to be sat on while waiting to tee off.

Mucus has his own theory as to the remarkable success of the co-ed basketweaving team, which went undefeated in the regular season before copping the national title. "We had a few tough contests," Mucus said, "But since we are the only basketweaving team in the nation, we knew all along that we

had at least a 50-50 shot at the championship."

Several of the basketball players were surprised when they learned that ex-teammate Mucus had actually done something right. They were even more surprised, however, to learn that ex-teammate Mucus had actually been an ex-teammate.

Forward Mess Answerome said he didn't even know that Mucus was on the team with him, and in fact didn't even know who Mucus was until yesterday.

"You mean he was actually on the team?" asked an incredulous Bombed Late after climbing a stepladder to eat his dinner at a regular table. "I thought he was a new manager who didn't have a suit to wear."



This year's Mucus Award winner—
the GW WOMEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

Adeline Has Gorgeous Recruit

by Dave Rake
Just Managing Editor

GW soccer coach Gorgeous "Sweet" Adeline has just returned from a recruiting trip into one of the least explored soccer hotbeds in the world—America. Adeline explained

Jock Itch

Last Tuesday May Meltz edged out Thug Fool for the Least Valuable Sports Information Director when he sent the Washington Post a 1976-77 volleyball program. Fool had a very clever entry in a

that he wanted to go to Jupiter, where he heard existed a player able to score a goal a minute for a week without stopping, but Athletic Director Hobnob Scareus said the department couldn't afford to pay for that trip, since the basketball

losing cause—not sending anything at all. However, three of the five judges gave the contest to Meltz, saying that Fool has never done anything, and originality counts.

team just spent a month in Florida.

"I was really surprised, especially when I found a player good enough to play for the Colonials," Adeline said. He announced he recruited 37-year old Pele. "I think he can come back," Adeline said, "And he never went to college so he has four years of eligibility."

Pele will join present Solonelyals players Oh, so you Due, Fat Fasusi, Fad al-Moosari, Red Al-Yogurt, Ohsun Mirror, Jeff Clown, Grigit Dummy, Sunny Side Up Awodiya and Kevin "I wanna" Kill next Fall.

Tramp Lost At Seamen

SEAMEN, from p. 1

into these exceptions a little later.

C:

S: I notice you're wearing that famous but tacky suit. I myself prefer this Pierre Cardin designer original which I just charged at Bloomie's. Note the fine tailoring which magnifies my magnificent masculine physique. Catch the custom tinted, aviator styled designer shades which perfectly complement my Aryan coloring.

C:

S: Well that concludes GW "Wonderama." You're welcome, Mr. Chaplin. Good night, Walter Cronkite, wherever you are.

Wanted: Photo Editor

If you think that: a) film is film; b) light is not needed for photography; c) shutter speed must be supplied free to the photo-editor-in-chief once a week, and if your dimensions compete with those of Cheryl Tiegs, send an 8x10 nude photo to the Hatchet Photo Department—who knows, you could be a deputy, assistant, or associate photo editor; please, only those people who have never used a camera should apply.

The Program Bored presents

I-need-a-fruit
in
Gay Times



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